THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE TWO SPIRITS.

Anna Blake Mezquida.

In my soul the pagan spirit
And spirit of Christ make war,
But whenever the pagan conquers,
The Christ-soul struggles more;
Yet at times in wilful blindness
I say to the white soul: "Go!"
And I camp on the trail of Pleasure,
And reck not of what I sow.

Then the wanton soul makes merry
And challenges from my eyes,
And it lures with a care-free laughter,
And honor and truth defies;
And the pagan souls about me
Come eagerly to my call,
But the sad, sad eyes of Jesus—
They patiently follow all;

Till the shame of my wrong-doing
Burns fierce as a white-hot brand,
And I thrust the pagan from me,
And sturdily take my stand
By the side of truth and honor,
Till joy that is all Divine
And the peace of God's own making
Steal into this heart of mine.

In my soul the pagan spirit
And spirit of Christ make war;
But the evil spirit weakens
As godliness conquers more;
Yet for all my hard-won battles,
I pity the pallid soul
That has felt no need of fighting,
Nor gallantly sought the goal.

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THE PACIFIC

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INFLUENTIAL PAPERS URGE CONSCRIPTION IN ENGLAND.

A reading these days of the London journals causes one to wonder how long it will be before the British government will resort to conscription in order to secure the soldiers needed for the proper prosecution of the war.

The last number of the Saturday Review, one of the leading weekly publications—the last one on file in the reading rooms here, contains the following significant utterance:

"We have voted the money, but we have not found the men! Why will not the government deal with the recruiting question as it has dealt this week in the House of Commons with the financial question? This matter of the money is handled as a practical problem; so much money is required, and the government adopts the direct and simple expedient of taking what it needs. . . It does not ask for voluntary contributions. It does not only rely upon the voluntary tax payer. It decides who best can bear the burden, and it uses the power of the government to enforce its reasonable demands. . . . We urge the government to take the men as it has taken the money, and to take them for these practical reasons: (a) that only by this means will it get the required nummber of men at once, without ruinous and extravagant delay; (b) that only by this means will it get the men who can reasonably be spared; (c) that only by this means can it relieve the perplexity and uneasiness of thousands of young men who are torn between inconsistent but entirely honorable promptings."

The spectator for November, the 21st, had an editorial in which it deprecated the manifest dread of compulsion on the part of the government, and yet expressed the judgment that the government was steering straight for it by neglecting to bring "home to the people the true position, and treat them not like children but as responsible persons." Then, declared The Spectator, "they would get all the men they want."

"It is not fair to ask men to make the tremendous sacrifices that are necessary unless you tell them at the same time of the imperative need for such sacrifices, and tell them in a way that they cannot mistake and which will enlighten the sleepy quite as much as the wide-awake. For remember that at least fifty percent of the population are as drowsy as ever—quite unaware that anything particular is happening." The Spectator remarked further: "Unless we finish the war within a reasonable time the vitality of the nation may be sapped, although in appearance all may go fairly well during the actual year or years of the war. There is one way, and only one way, of preventing a prolonged war, and that is by the provision of an army so large and so efficient that it will not merely take a gallant part in great battles, but actually by weight of numbers press back an enemy who is even at this moment, and even after all his vast sacrifices in men, training new levies far more numerous than ours."

The London daily Times in one of its issues early this month said: "The evidence accumulates that the country does not yet realize that we are fighting for our very existence both as a nation and an empire." And the Times had on its editorial page a poem from which we quote this stanza:

"Come leave the lure of the football field
With its fame so lightly won,
And take your place in a greater game
Where worthier deeds are done.
No game is this where thousands watch
The play of a chosen few;
But rally all! if you're men at all,
There's room in the team for you."

One of the great Reviews expresses the judgment that men in large numbers will go to the front gladly and without misgiving if the government will only insist that they are required.

Perhaps they would. But to what extent this apathy is due to the quiet undercurrent thought that after all this war might have been avoided—it would be of value to know.

There are some very interesting and suggestive occurrences in England these days. For instance, there is W. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the British Weekly, hammering at the clergy because they will not pray for victory. Readers of The Pacific will recall that the Rev. Tyler Dennett of Los Angeles stated in a London letter in The Pacific last week that he had not heard one clergyman praying for victory. Mr. Dennett writes in a letter which we will print next week of what he calls the moral tragedy of many who cannot conscientiously approve of the war, and yet say that now they are in it there can be no turning back—no attempt to re-examine and assess reasons and causes for it.

SIR OLIVER LODGE CONCERNING A GREAT TRUTH JUST COMING TO THE SURFACE.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, recently reaffirmed the belief that those who have entered the other life take an interest in what we are doing here on earth and know far more about things than we do.

He said that he was firmly of opinion that the departed had actually communicated with persons on the earth—that this had been scientifically established. He was asked to give proof of this, and wrote as follows in a communication to the London Times:

"People cannot receive proof so long as they shut their eyes to the evidence. The beginning of the proof is telepathy—a connection between mind and mind through unknown and apparently inmaterial channels. But no paper on Telepathy has been accepted by any Orthodox Scientific Society. The whole subject is taboo.

"The work has been carried on in a most critical and careful manner, and in the proceedings of that Society

that conducted can be found a record of facts which to most of those who have studied them amount to accumulative proof of the reality of facts not yet admitted by orthodox science, of which telepathy is one.

"But, as always happens when a truth is coming to the surface and something is being discovered which was there all the time, the real proofs lie all about one, and are not dependent on records of the past. The facts may be more or less unpalatable, but there they are; they can hardly be apprehended, still less assimilated, without a mind sufficiently open to permit the beginning of an unusual course of study.

"All this is quite in accordance with ordinary scientific tradition; many new subjects have had to run the gauntlet of orthodox hostility. Admittedly, only a minority of scientific men are willing to declare that a new class of facts needs investigation and is apparently a prelude to a whole new region of knowledge inaccessible by exclusively material methods.

"I do not expect a favorable scientific atmosphere in my life-time. I anticipate a continuance of strong hostile prejudice."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The secretary of the Associated Charities of Portland, says that in his eight years' work in organized charities he has never before found so many men with families out of employment and reduced to destitution.

A Latter Day Saint preacher at Salt Lake City claims that this church has been preeminently successful in meeting the social needs of the people. This has been done, he says, by making the church the social center.

A pioneer San Francisco woman, telling of her first Christmas in California, writes of a turkey for dinner for which she paid $15. This was in 1852. She says the turkey was a good one but she thought it tasted silvery.

San Francisco claims the largest French library outside of France; also the largest French savings bank and French hospital. This is cited by a Chamber of Commerce article as one of the things indicating what a cosmopolitan center this city is.

A few weeks ago the First Methodist Church of Seattle announced that it would serve in the lecture room of the church each Saturday evening a lunch for "down and outs." The first evening there were 115 to feed; the second, 140; the third, 215. Inasmuch as provision had been made the third Saturday evening for only 150 the church workers had to send out automobiles for additional supplies. The pastor of the church gave that evening a good gospel talk to the needy men. Some very pathetic disclosures were made. Among those who had once been exemplary Christians was the son of a presiding elder or district superintendent in California.

The Monitor, our Catholic contemporay, had last week an article concerning Pope Benedict XV, whom it calls "The Pastor of All Christendom." The Pacific regards this as too inclusive. Nevertheless such is the editor's estimate of Benedict XV as a Christian leader that a fine picture of him printed a few months ago by the New York Times has place on the walls of his study. Over the editor's desk in the printing office in San Francisco is a picture of John Knox McLean of whom it could be said not inappropriately that he was for years the pastor of all California. For more than a third of a century Dr. McLean's counsel was sought near and far, not only in his own denomination, but in many others.

Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found an account of the splendid and timely address given by Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on "American-Japanese Relations." The effect such addresses as that would have on the Japanese mind and heart, and the immeasurable good they would do if given widely, may be measured somewhat by the following from a letter written to Dr. Aked by a Japanese official who was in attendance at the First Church services last Sunday night: "I should be false to some very urgent inward prompting if I failed to thank you for your eloquent address of last evening. You have placed every lover of good will among men under lasting obligations for your bigness, your fairness, and your catholicity of spirit. For me and my own people this is especially true. If anything would ever turn Japan to Christianity it would be the spirit of your noble sermon."

Association Men for December contained the following note showing the value of the Y. M. C. A.: "Twelve years ago a young man reached Los Angeles, Cal., and immediately joined the Young Men's Christian Association and enrolled in classes in commercial law and business practice. Somewhat later he was for two years a regular attendant at the debating club. For two years he was instructor in the night school. Later he became a member of the educational committee. Today he is an officer of the central branch. He has equipped himself for the practice of law and now has an annual income of $6,000. He is chairman of the board of benevolences of his church, and treasurer in a philanthropic institution handling $200,000 a year. He remarked recently: I am under lasting obligation to the Young Men's Christian Association in very definite ways. It has been used very materially to keep me straight."

The Rev. Frank Dyer of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma has been giving a series of Sunday evening addresses on "The Contribution of the Various Communions to Our Total Christianity." We quote from the one on Congregationalism: "The Congregational Church has been beyond all other evangelical churches the church of the open mind. No other church has taken the new positions of scientists and scholars and dedicated them to the Christian people as the Congregational churches have done. Congregationalists are not and never have been afraid of any new light which may shine upon the mind of man from any source whatever." Mr. Dyer said also: "I glory in the Congregational Church because it has never believed the other churches must be absorbed or defeated. We have contributed beyond any other the spirit of interdenominational fellowship. We have been in the forefront of all arrangements to lessen church competition and increase efficiency. As a result all the other churches know they can trust us. They know that we have passed beyond the point where we take advantage of them. One of the greatest contributions we have to make in the future is the unification of these divergent forces into one militant army for the living God."

With the close of the year 1914 the present writer finishes seventeen years of service as editor and manager of The Pacific. It was seventeen years last July that he first entered on the work, but there were six months in 1898, when others edited and managed the paper. It has been a pleasant work. The pay has come each year largely in the

thought that it has been of some value to Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom, rather than in dollars and cents, for not much has been realized in the latter way. And now at the close of a year during which so many pleasant messages have come to the editor he desires to say "Thank you" to all the busy men and women who have taken time when renewing subscriptions, or at other times, to write or utter words of approval and encouragement. It is not the easy task that we have reason to believe some persons think it to be to get out week by week even such a paper as The Pacific is. That pastor who remarked not long ago that there was no pastor in California who was busier than the Editor of The Pacific measured the work adequately. It is a pleasure to be busy in such a work, and these words about the task are written with a recognition of the fact that all have their tasks in life and that what we are called to do is to stand in our places and do them cheerfully. All in all, the Editor of The Pacific feels that his lines have been cast in pleasant places these seventeen years, and that the twenty-five years given to journalism have been given to one of the most influential professions.

Our Catholic contemporay, the Monitor, published a fine Christmas edition last week. Among the articles was "A Christmas Greeting" by Bishop Hanna entitled "Christ the Need of the World," which we quote: "When Rome's Empire extended e'en to the ends of the earth, when Rome was Mother of arts and of arms, when the scepter was passing from Juda, Christ came unto His own and His own received Him not.' Culture and wealth and power make not a nation's greatness, for a nation is mighty because it is righteous. Rome fell and Jerusalem passed away because their sway was not founded on justice, on truth and on love. When bending beneath its own weight Rome tottered to ruin Christ's teaching became a light unto men's feet, Christ's spirit renewed the face of the earth. When the Father in heaven looks down upon His children at this Christmastide, He will find them bent upon gain and upon treasure; He will find them lacking in honor, and distrustful of their fellow-men; He will find that hate which brings confusion and destruction. We need Christ at Christmas time to teach us to seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice; we need Christ to teach us the great worth of human life, and the greater power of human endeavor; we need Christ to teach us to love our brothers whom God has loved with eternal love, and whom Christ has bought at the price of infinite sacrifice; we need Christ to teach us the way of God in peace; we need Christ to open our ears that we may hear the Angels' song that made the welkin ring on the first Christmas Eve; we need Christ that we may give glory unto the Father, and that peace which passeth understanding may come unto men."

A woman widely known on the Pacific Coast passed into the other life the last week in November — Mrs. Emma Ide Cruzan, wife of the Rev. John A. Cruzan who entered "beyond the gates" last year. Mrs. Cruzan was 63 years old. The Pacific Unitarian said of her in its December number: "Her health became much broken during the protracted cares and anxieties attending her husband's long illness, and she collapsed soon after his death, a little more than a year ago. Although she afterwards regained something of her former strength, she had for most of the past year been an invalid, and her death came as a release from a long bondage to weakness and suffering. Mrs. Cruzan was born in Vermont, of a family well known in the annals of that part of the country, and in earlier life was active in teaching and in musical circles. She shared the labors and influence of her husband's ministry in the various places where he served, and will be remembered by many as a woman of high intellectual abilities, musical and administrative talents, and much force of character. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Arthur Fickenscher, of Berkeley, and by two sons, Harold Ide Cruzan of the San Francisco bar, and Donald Cruzan of Santa Rosa. Simple funeral services in the presence of only the family circle were held on Sunday morning, November 29th, at the Electric Crematory, Oakland, and were conducted by Rev. Earl M. Wilbur." Mr. Cruzan's Pacific Coast pastorates when he was a Congregationalist were in Portland, Oregon; Honolulu, San Francisco, Santa Cruz, Berkeley, and Hilo. For six months in 1897 he was the editor of The Pacific.

DR. AKED ON AMERICAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS.

Temple Emanu-El was crowded last Sunday evening when Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church spoke on Japan's Message to America, and American-Japanese Relations. The address constituted a strong plea for the establishing and maintaining of relations in strict accord with the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

Dr. Aked defined an American as not simply one born on American soil, but as one who has the American heart wheresoever born, a lover of liberty, and of government of the people by the people for the people. He declared with emphasis that God was able out of Asiatics and Africans to make better Americans than they who lacked this spirit. He challenged his hearers with the question, "How good an American dare you be?" And, "How good a Christian dare you be?" "How far incarnate and practice the Christianity which you profess?"

Reference was made to the book, "Japan's Message to America," published recently in Tokio, containing articles by 5 eminent Japanese, and designed to bring about a better understanding between Japanese and Americans.

This book, said Dr. Aked, shows an amazing familiarity with things American, with our history, our spirit, laws, institutions and leaders, and shows how that which is highest and best in us has entered into and is moulding Japanese thought and life.

Viscount Kaneko was quoted as writing on the pages thereof that the last advice that Alexander Hamilton had received from his mother on her death bed, the best and greatest advice in his opinion ever given a son by a parent, had been his constant guide since the day when as a boy he had read the words in a life of Hamilton; and that those words—"My son, never aim at the second-best, it is not worthy of you; your powers are in harmony with the everlasting principle of the universe"—he was handing down to young Japan today.

This book, it was remarked, showed also that there was in Japan a profound gratitude to this country for what it had been to Japan the last half century.

Further, it made very evident the fact that there was in Japan a very real and deep pain caused by the pin-pricks of certain bills in the legislature of California, the passing of one, and the threat of others.

That while there was a deep recognition of the danger involved in these misunderstandings and prejudices there

was a general desire for friendship and a determination, if possible, to come to a better understanding.

And the question which came from the lips of Dr. Aked was: "Men and women of the churches, what sort of a reply should Americans make to this message?"

While Dr. Aked was in no sense an alarmist last Sunday evening, he spoke of "the microbe of war" being abroad in the world, of the spark which had set Europe aflame, and remarked that surely the people of this country would not be stupid enough, by unbrotherly and un-christian treatment of another people, to want to take any risk.

Illustrative, however, of the danger, a part of an editorial in a morning daily paper in San Francisco about a year ago was read. And scathingly was it said concerning that caricature of the cultured English of an eminent and cultured Japanese that anyone so insulting a great and friendly people outraged the stars and strips far more than they who fired on the flag at Sumter.

Dr. Aked's address indicated a thorough understanding of the mighty problem which this country faces in its mixture here of the races of the world. "We have not yet shown ourselves competent to cope with our negro problem. There is an immigration menace, and we must not make our task insuperable."

"I am appalled by the magnitude of the task before us when I read such a book as Professor Ross' 'Old World in the New" was one remark; and yet close upon this came the words: "Nevertheless our insulting policy toward Japan cannot go on. We must be good Americans, true patriots, good and true Christians."

In conclusion Dr. Aked, speaking of Dr. Sidney Gulick as one of our noblest citizens, a man of briliant intellect and of intimate acquaintance with Japan, commended the plan which Dr. Gulick has been laying before the people of the United States for several months.

While this would open up the way to the naturalization of the Japanese it would admit so few that we would not be much aware of their presence with us.

Speaking finally for himself alone, but with the hope that this would come to be the general attitude, Dr. Aked said, in substance, that this should be the reply America should make to Japan's message:

We recognize your splendid ability as a people, your achievements—your marvelous and mighty accomplishments.

We recognize your valor on land and sea and how grandly you have shown also that peace has victories not less renowned than those of war.

In art, in commerce, and in the progress of civilization we recognize that you have done marvels.

We condemn all race prejudice and all thought of race superiority; and contempt of color we hold as blasphemy against God.

We condemn as unjust and unwise in the extreme the discriminating measures savoring of hate and hell which are being advocated from time to time in California and we pledge ourselves to work in every way to defeat them. And finally before this Book, a revelation of God, we pledge ourselves so to live pray and vote as to bring nearer the time when Americans shall dare to be Americans indeed and when our country from sea to sea shall live as one believing in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

It's a good plan to use your head if you would get there with both feet.

OAKLAND MINISTER SPEAKS ON "THINGS LEARNED IN A PRINTING OFFICE."

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, spoke last Sunday morning on "Things Learned in a Printing Office." The text was in Jeremiah: "The word came to Jeremiah from Jehovah, saying 'Arise, and go down to the potter's house and there I will cause thee to hear my word."

The thought was: Out of the practical experiences of life these Bible men and others of the olden time learned wisdom. It was in and through the potter and the work of the potter that Jeremiah had a great inner revelation of the character of God. It was in a common bush that a message came from God to Moses. So today out of the common and everyday experiences of life the word of God can come to us.

Speaking of the newspaper as a strange fantastic, frenzied thing as it comes to us Mr. Palmer remarked that it was in no such atmosphere that it was made. In the office where all this mixture of things thus dished up is prepared all is system and order and everything is done soberly and seriously. On the staff of the Oakland Tribune, which he edited on a recent Saturday, Mr. Palmer said that he found some of the fine men of Oakland—a deacon in a church, two or three ushers, a treasurer of a young people's society, etc. Newspaper experience tends to make one sympathetic with reporters. They have to work under orders and the orders are to gather the news—and this no matter what it may be. Mr. Palmer held the general public responsible in the main for the kind of newspaper we have today. The management gets out the kind of a paper it thinks the people will support. Their judgment may be somewhat faulty, but the question of financial success or failure has to be ever in mind. This led up to a consideration of the forces that make public opinion: the home, the church, the school. What are we turning out from these? was the question. Are these training institutions making for that which is constructive and wholesome, or for the cheap and frivolous, the lurid and sensational and frenzied.

In the course of his address Mr. Palmer told of the king of the Newsboys bursting into the editorial office, the day he was acting as editor with the words:

"Here, give us some head lines! Can't you? The paper don't sell! People think we're handing 'em out only a half sheet."

When the situation was explained to the boy that a new editor was in the chair for the day with an important experiment he graciously accepted it, but with the illuminating remark that if the arrangement were to go on for three days he would be forced to throw up his job.

Mr. Palmer told of toning down some of the reportorial work. Among the stories brought in was one concerning the reconciliation of an estranged husband and wife. Their whole past had been dug up and incorporated. What his mind fixed on as the important thing was the reconciliation, and so the "past" was cut out.

In another article the word faction was woven in all through when there didn't appear to be any faction, at least none worth emphasizing, and so in the interest of truth and fairness the factional thread was taken out.

A part of the address was devoted to drawing some useful lessons by a comparison of a printing office with life. The newspaper is a sort of miniature world, and in the office where it is prepared each worker must contribute his part on time. Everything is run on a schedule. As to that which goes into the linotype

slugs to be impressed later on the white paper, changes can be made only up to a certain time, and then the thing is a fixture. So as to character: there are the placid years when character is being formed which finally registers itself. Phillips Brooks was quoted as having said that the first five years out of college determined what a man was to be.

Prof. Bowne's famous illustration also came to Mr. Palmer's mind with new force as he watched the type go into the forms in making up the paper. "What is it that makes all these metal letters significant as they stand there in order? It is the unseen personality behind them that placed them in that order as an expression of invisible ideas; so in the world, trees and the hills, stars and sea, children and great men, history and biography are the type—they mean nothing until you find behind them a great intelligent personality—the presence of God."

Mr. Palmer expressed the judgment that an issue once a month of such a paper as he edited might after a while go to show that the public would support a different sort of paper than the unwholesome sheets which so many people think the only kind that can be financially successfully.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Saskatchewan Methodist Conference, Canada, has withdrawn an invitation given Professor Walter Rauschenbusch to address their June meeting. This was because of his articles in some papers in this country in defense of Germany in the war in Europe.

Professor Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago and Dr. Sydney Gulick will leave San Francisco for Japan on the 9th of January. They go as ambassadors to the churches of Japan, sent by the Federal Council of Churches to strengthen the bonds of friendship and peace between the nations.

In November the number of men enquiring for work at the rooms of the Christian Industrial League in Chicago was 100 percent greater than a year ago. On a recent Friday 41 women appealed for aid at the relief department of Olivet Institute. Many were threatened with eviction for non-payment of rent.

The most valuable articles on the war in Europe which have come to the present writer have appeared in the New York Times. That paper is now publishing twice a month a "Current History of the European War," which has large value. It is in pamphlet form, of more than 200 pages, and may be had for 25 cents. The first number contains articles by John Galsworthy, Kipling, Maeterlinck, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Canon Doyle, Hauptman and many others. Fine portraits of these and other writers add to the attractiveness of the publication.

The only section of Cincinnati in which prohibition carried at the recent election was one in College Hill which is largely populated by colored people. Mr. R. A. Mack who led the dry forces in Hamilton county in a masterly way held a meeting there a few nights before the election. Was it the influence of his address that brought this result, or are the colored people more the enemy of the saloon than the white people are? It has been pointed out that in the down-town district in which Mr. Mack lives three times as many votes were cast for prohibition as were cast in scores of hilltop precincts where live men who are supposed to stand for better things. The large Roman Catholic and Jewish population of Cincinnati was against the amendment. Several Protestant ministers were against it.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches an address was given by Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor in which gratification was expressed over the conferences being held between Dr. Gulick and representatives of labor relative to measures which would conserve the interests of labor and not offend the people of Japan.

The wide influence of a tract is traced thus by the Missionary Review of the World: "A young Frenchman, who had been wounded at the siege of Saint Quentin, was languishing on a pallet in the hospital, when a tract that lay on the converlet caught his eye. He read it and was converted by it. The monument of that man may be seen before the Church of the Consistory in Paris, standing with a Bible in his hand. He is known in history as Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Reformation in France. But the tract had not yet finished its work. It was read by Coligny's nurse, a Sister of Mercy, who penitently placed it in the hands of the lady abbess, and she, too, was converted by it. She fled from France to the Palatinate, where she met a young Hollander and became his wife. The influence which she had upon that man reacted upon the whole continent of Europe—for he was William of Orange, who became the champion of liberty and Protestantism in the Netherlands.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate, a Chicago paper of large circulation among Methodists, comments editorially on the Roman Catholic protest against the Menace and the attempt to have it excluded from the United States mail. The Catholics propose to ask Congress to enact a special law to meet their desires in this case. The Advocate says: "We have no way of forecasting the success or failure of their effort. We had always thought that existing laws were wholly sufficient for protection against libelous or slanderous statements in the public press. We have from time to time suggested that Roman Catholics resort to the courts for justice in this matter. This they have done with but slight success. But before they proceed with their lobby it might not be amiss to apply the old suggestion about a physician healing himself before applying his nostrum to others. For instance, there recently came to our desk the journal of a neighboring Roman Catholic diocese that contained a column and a half editorial cataloging no less than fifty ministers of Protestant faith who had fallen or had been reported morally remissful. The deplorable feature was that the editor had stated as fact in numerous cases what was mere newspaper rumor. The effect of that editorial was bad—very bad. We wrote the editor stating as gently as possible that he had not played fair. His reply was that he had been instigated by attacks upon those of his own faith. A cursory reading of the Roman Catholic press will reveal the fact that considerable of their editorial expression is direct abuse of Protestantism, and falsely founded and ill-directed abuse at that. It is quite true that Protestant papers—with rare expection—keep well within the limits of the permissible in criticism of their brethren. If there are publications that seem to overstep the bounds, they are independent, not actuated by any desire to defend Protestantism. Protestantism does not

champion them. They themselves will not claim any pro-Protestant proclivities. They believe the policy of the Roman Catholic Church is anti-American and fight it with all their might. Some of the severest critics of these extreme papers have been Protestant ministers. That the supporters of these papers are not Roman Catholic is not proof that they are churchmen of the Protestant faith. The fact is, though our Roman Catholic brethren seem ignorant thereof, the great bulk of opposition to that Church comes from non-Church quarters, many critics having once been themselves Catholics. Their attack is more upon civil grounds than ecclesiastical. As long as Roman Catholicism judges herself the sole custodian of salvation; as long as she claims to hold the keys of heaven and hell with power to award or consign; as long as she attempts to apply the cruel principle of the Ne Temere decree to the legally married; as long as she lays violent hands upon the public school; as long as she sets Church above state, cardinal above President, Rome against Washington, so long may she expect a force, a strong and ever-swelling force, to be directed against her. It is not primarily the protest of Protestantism, but the protest of American citizens."

CHURCH WORK AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

No religious work is regarded today as of greater importance than that done by the churches in proximity to the State Universities.

We take from the Northwestern Christian Advocate the following paragraph concerning the work of Trinity Methodist Church at Urbana, Illinois:

"The pervading spiritual influence of a Methodist Church at a state university is well illustrated by the work of Trinity Church, Urbana, which ministers chiefly to the faculty and students of the University of Illinois, whose enrollment of students this year promises to reach six thousand. Beginning immediately with the opening of the year by means of over two thousand letters to students of Methodist preference and to those without Church affiliations, and with the aid of two groups of student personal workers, one of men and one of women, numbering thirty or forty each, Dr. James C. Baker, the pastor, has been seeking to make an impress upon the great new student population. During the first month of the year 154 were brought into Church membership. Twelve of these came on confession of faith, three of whom were foreign students, one being a Japanese and the other two being Chinese. The Epworth League service has an average attendance of over two hundred students, while more than four hundred are enrolled in ten Bible classes. Dr. Baker himself conducts weekly a class of thirty or forty young faculty members in the Message of Jesus to our Modern Life. During a visit of Bishop Henderson to Trinity Church at the opening of the school year, ten students dedicated themselves to some form of vicarious Christian service. Under the title of the Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois, and with the active support and direction of the four conferences of the state, the work of our Church in this most important field is in process of being put upon the adequate basis which it deserves and demands."

A correspondent of the Herald and Presbyter writes of the Illinois University Church at Champaign: "The church is under the direction and control of the Synod of Illinois, and its members are limited to those who have some connection with the University of Illinois. The affairs of the church are in charge of an advisory board taken from the congregation, which is responsible for certain expenses in connection with the church. The salary is paid out of an endowment fund belonging to the Synod. The audience consisted of from 500 to 700 students, and besides the preaching services, a Bible school and young people's society are maintained. The fine results of this work are apparent in all parts of the State, according to the testimony of pastors of our churches. In connection with the church is a Hall of Residence for Young Women, which affords a home for twenty-two, and meals for about fifty. Recently there has been purchased a commodious house adjoining Presbyterian Hall, which will furnish an attractive residence for the new pastor. The endowments and property are estimated now to be worth $125,000."

We find in The Herald and Presbyter the following concerning the work in Ohio and synodical action with reference to the wider need:

"Synod's Committee on Religious Work in State Universities, has decided to ask the churches to make a substantial increase in their contributions to the Presbyterian Board of Education, in order that the synod may come to full self-support for its own work and supply the Board with a fund toward the support of similar work in Western synods.

"Last year the Board of Education paid for Scholarship Aid and University Work in Ohio $9,264, and received from Ohio $6,828. The demands upon the Board for new work in Western synods are so important that Ohio ought to practically double her contributions during the present year.

"The work at Ohio State is remarkably successful. Mr. Houston is a real pastor to students coming from all parts of Ohio. There are over seven hundred students from Presbyterian homes. Hundreds of these are being gathered into Bible classes and a larger number than ever before are preparing for the gospel ministry at home and abroad. The work of the Board in other synods is equally successful."

NOTED PUBLISHER EXPRESSES BELIEF IN A COSMIC MIND.

Mr. Henry Holt, the New York publisher, is the author of a book entitled "On The Cosmic Relations," in which he expresses the belief in a Universal Soul, or Cosmic Mind, which includes every individual mind—as the ocean includes its drops of water, and which possesses faculties utilizable by individual minds only under exceptional circumstances. He says:

"There are unquestioned facts—abundance of them outside so-called mediumship—that demonstrate something in man beyond his surface faculties, to which the terms transcendent ego and subliminal self have been applied. But is that ego merely of himself? Does it not seem to be rather each man's share—that portion which the individual's conformation and circumstances permit to pass into him—of that which transcends our conception, and of which we confess our incapacity wholly to conceive, by such words as infinite and eternal, and which we attempt to express by such metaphors as 'kinship with the gods,' or the better one of 'God in us'? If in that later metaphor one must include universal motion, why not universal mind?. . . .

"There seem (in short) some glimmerings. . . .in the direction of the hypothesis, as yet very vague and paradoxical, and although the individual soul is contained within

the pretty definite limits of its individuality, yet within these limits it is a portion—a sort of bay, if you please—of the Cosmic Soul, and is subject to occassional influxes or tides from the Cosmic Soul in the shape of all sorts of inspirations (which turns the fluid metaphor of a tide into a gaseous one), not only those of music, poetry, hypothesis, eloquence, etc., but of all sorts of dreams and visions, normal or hypnotic, and 'possessions' of all degrees, from heteromatic writing up to entire apparent substitution, or at least predominance, of a soul that, like the minor inspirations or possessions, has drifted in from the cosmic aggregate."

We have not seen the book, but only a review of it by H. Addington Bruce in the Boston Transcript. Mr. Bruce writes:

The salient features of this theory, obviously, are its simplicity and its extensiveness. It permits the most extraordinary facts, or alleged facts, to be readily explained by referring them back to the Cosmic Mind. And because of this allinclusiveness it will, on first thought, strike most people, laymen as well as scientists, as being too delightfully easy to be true. Yet one thing is sure, that almost every really first-class thinker has felt that only by some such theory can certain exceptionally bizarre types of phenomena be satisfactorily explained. The novelty of Mr. Holt's hypothesis is not in its newness, but in his insistence on its actually affording the only logical explanation of all unusual mental— and sundry physical— manifestations, from creative dreams and reveries to trance communications purporting to come from the dead.

Of these last his work contains hundreds of illustrative instances, taken mostly from the records of the Society for Psychical Research, but also including not a few hitherto unpublished experiences of Mr. Holt himself and of several of his friends. Thus he draws on Professor Newbold, of the University of Pennsylvania, for an account of some amazing sittings with that world-known "medium," Mrs. Piper, in the course of which Professor Newbold received communications alleged to be messages from the "spirits" of Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot. The Scott "spirit" gave a somewhat hazy and disjointed description of conditions on Mars, Venus, and other planets, while "George Eliot" had much to say regarding life in Heaven itself. Seemingly, this differs comparatively little from life here on earth, with the noteworthy exception that in Heaven one's slightest wish is immediately gratified.

"I was speaking," one communication runs, "about the songs of our birds. Then the birds seemed to pass beyond my vision, and I longed for music of other kinds. This thought, however, was only a fleeting one, when, to my surprise, my desires were filled. Just before me sat the most beautiful bevy of young girls that eyes ever rested upon. Some were playing stringed instruments, others that sounded and looked like silver bugles, but they were all in harmony, and I must truly confess that I never heard such strains of music before... ..It was not only in this one thing that my desires were filled, but in all things accordingly.. ..

"I longed to see gardens and trees, flowers, etc. I no sooner had the desire than they appeared.. ..I have a desire for reading, when instantly my whole surrounding is literally filled with books of all sorts and by many different authors.. ..When I touched a book and desired to meet its author, if he or she were in our world, he or she would instantly appear.. I wished to see and realize that some of the mortal world's great musicians really existed, and asked to be visited by some one or more of them. When this was expressed, instantly several appeared before me, and Rubinstein stood before me playing upon an instrument like a harp at first. Then the instrument was changed, and a piano appeared, and he played upon it with the most delightful ease and grace of manner."

Ordinarily two explanations are offered for mediumistic utterances like these. One, the "spiritistic," is that they come directly from the dead, as alleged, and that, in the present instance, Mrs. Piper was veritably "possessed" by George Eliot's "spirit." The other, the "scientific" explanation, regards them as conscious or unconscious fabrications, as a result of "suggestions" given to the medium by her sitter. Mr. Holt offers a third explanation, representing a compromise between the other two—namely, that there was suggestion from the sitter, causing Mrs. Piper to dream of George Eliot, and thereby putting her "en rapport," as it were, with that portion of the Cosmic Mind constituting George Eliot's surviving soul. Elsewhere, however, he is careful to point out that this explanation is purely tentative, and is far from committing him definitely to the belief held by the spiritists.

"The more I read of these manifestations," Mr. Holt declares, "the less the whole string of 'fraud, subconscious personality, lucky accident, and telepathy,' as James puts it, seems adequate, except under the association of the subconscious self and telepathy with the Cosmic Soul. Under the ordinary meaning of the terms, the attempt to use these explanations is beginning to strike me as ludicrous.. ..But if the stock explanations are all inadequate , that does not prove the truth of spiritism."

Of course, this theory that Mrs. Piper in her trances is merely dreaming, accounts plausibly for the incoherencies and trivialities found in nearly all trance utterances, while at the same time it raises no obstacle to the acceptance of the Cosmic Mind hypothesis as explanatory of the coherent and non-trivial utterances. For trance dreams, as in the case of ordinary dreams, presumably involve different and rapidly fluctuating states of consciousness, and only when the sleeper's mind is in a certain state can access to the Cosmic Mind be had. On this view, ordinary dreams that are distinctly evidential of the Cosmic Mind would be far rarer than evidentially significant trance utterances—since most dreamers do not talk in their sleep as the mediums do, and remember few of their dreams on awakening. Yet Mr. Holt, in addition to his large collection of mediumistic cases, relates many remarkable and well-authenticated dreams, of which the following, greatly abridged, may serve as an adequate sample. Mr. Holt tells it in the words of the dreamer, an Englishwoman, Mrs. Storie:

"At two o'clock I woke from the following dream. It seemed like in dissolving views. In a twinkle of light I saw a railway, and the puff of the engine. I thought, 'What's going on up there? Travelling? I wonder if some of us are travelling, and I dreaming of it?' Some one unseen by me answered, 'No, something quite different, something wrong.' 'I don't like to look at these things,' I said. Then I saw behind and above my head William's upper half reclining, eyes and mouth half shut.. .. Then I saw him lying, eyes shut, on the ground, flat, the chimney of an engine at his head.

"I called in excitement, 'That will strike him!' The 'some one' answered, 'Yes—well, here's what it was,' and

immediately I saw William.. ..as if struggling to rise, turned twice round quickly, saying, 'Is it the train, the train, the train,' his right shoulder reverberating as if struck from behind. He fell back like fainting; his eyes rolled. A large, dark object came between us like panelling of wood, and rather in the dark something rolled over, and like an arm was thrown up, and the whole thing went away with a swish.. ..

"In front, in light, there was a railway compartment in which sat Rev. Mr. Johnson of Echuca. I said, 'What's he doing there?' Answered, 'He's there.' A railway porter went up to the window, asking, 'Have you seen any of—' I caught no more, but I thought he referred to the thing left behind."

Waking, Mrs. Storie told her husband that she had been having "a very unpleasant dream about a railway," then dismissed the whole thing from her mind. But she remembered it vividly enough when word came that that same night her brother William, hundreds of miles away, while walking on a railway track had been struck by a train and killed; and that the Rev. Mr. Johnstone, of Echuca, had actually been on the train that killed him.

How explain this dream? The theory of "chance coincidence" would do very nicely, if it were not that too many similar coincidental dreams are on record. Telepathy, thought transference, of some sort, it would seem there must have been. But telepathy from whom? The brother who had been instantly killed, or the Mr. Johnstone who knew nothing of the accident until after its occurence? Or was it, as Mr. Holt suggests, that the sleeping Mrs. Storie glimpsed the whole affair herself by virtue of a momentary access of the Cosmic Mind to which Space and Time mean nothing?

Even assuming a telepathic process, he still believes that it would be necessary to introduce the cosmic factor, in order to conceive a mechanism by which telepathy could "work" So, too, the "inspirations of genius" are to him absolutely inexplicable on any other assumption than that men of genius are so constituted that they enjoy readier access than other men to the stores of the Cosmic Mind:

"The artist is inspired by the god, and the god—the Cosmic Soul—in his subliminal consciousness, as the cosmic force is the motive power of the heart.

And, again: "What makes a 'sensitive," or genius, seems to be ability beyond that of people in general to evoke the contents of subliminal consciousness, whatever it may be—Cosmic Soul, if you please—into the subliminal or vigilant or waking consciousness."

Speaking on "The Truce of God", the Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton of London said in a recent address: "In the Middle Ages the Church was able to proclaim a truce of God, to provide that at certain seasons of the year war should cease, and also preserve non-combatants from interference. At that time the Church was an authority over all Christian nations. What a disastrous change had come about in this modern world. The nations that formed Christendom to-day did not as nations recognise any authority on earth or in heaven that could bid them be at peace. Dr. Horton went on to enlarge upon the bloodthirsty nature of the struggle, the terrible waste of the best manhood of Europe. War between the two kindred nations of Teutonic stock—two Protestant nations, the two nations upon whom rested the hope of religious liberty and very largely the hope of intellectual progress of the world—was the most cruel thing that had happened in the history of the world, and as members of the Christian Church and as Christian citizens Dr. Horton remarked that all ought to think and pray earnestly for the time and the way by which the two great nations might learn to understand one another and be reconciled and love one another.

THE COMMON TRUTH NOTE.

William Norris Burr.

There was a sound of revivalry by night down at the Nazarene church, and I strolled in the direction of the humble little edifice one evening and went in. A back seat, waiting for an occupant, attracted me, and I claimed it as if I were the man for whom it had been reserved. I do not wonder that most people prefer the back seats at church services, courteously leaving the front ones for those members of the congregation who are "hard of hearing." I like a back seat myself. It makes note-taking a comparatively easy job.

It is a second-hand meeting-house in which the Nazarenes now hold their services, outgrown some years ago by one of the large churches of the city, whose congregation now meets in a great, white "temple." The auditorium of the older building will seat, possibly, two hundred people; and almost every seat had its occupant that night.

I was allowed the privilege of the Quiet Observer without disturbance. A few people sitting near me glanced cautiously, and I thought a bit curiously, at the stranger, as if conscious that a bird of another feather had settled down in their nest; but there was no expression either of welcome or of unwelcome—for which I was thankful, for I wanted to study at close range men who are different, in a way, from those with whom I usually consort. I suppose I was prompted by a relative—distant, perhaps—of the same motive that urged Prof. James to write his "Varieties of Religious Experience." It was Emerson who said, "Difference from me is the measure of absurdity;" but it was a neat bit of irony that he forged when he worked that out. The Sage of Concord was wise enough never to put such words together in "sober earnest"—which proves him to have been a man of deeper and finer perception than some of the rest of us.

It is not my purpose to describe that "Nazarene meeting" in detail. It is sufficient to say that my "taste" received a shock at every turn of the "revival machinery" that night. My way naturaly bends toward that of the prophet Habakkuk who, as he walks through the centuries, reverently whispers, "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." The Nazarenes, on the other hand seem to have searched the Scriptures so assiduously for passages containing the word "shout" that Habakkuk's admonition to silence in holy places has apparently escaped their notice. But possibly not. They may know more of the deep joy of "silent, sweet communion" than do some who are naturally more of my way than of theirs.

I did not stay until the close of the meeting. After the evangelist's sermon I slipped out quietly, and walked thoughtfully homeward.

"After all," I said to my Inner Self, "the Nazarenes and 'our folks' differ chiefly in expression, not in essential belief or recognition of the real heart values. They are giving about the same message in their language that we give

in ours. And what a lot of people would never hear the glad tidings of great joy if it were proclaimed only in one tongue! It is the heart-response that is essential, and some hearts that would be chilled by the clean-cut chisselings of culture respond readily to crude expression, and some hearts that would be sickened by crudeness respond naturally to the expressions of culture. Reverential silence and holy shoutings have each a work to do, no doubt, that 'diversities of gifts' may be brought under the control of 'the same Spirit.' "

I have just read in the morning paper that the Mayor of a certainSouthern California city proposes "that the churches of that city be abolished, a municipal preacher appointed, and a large tabernacle built by the city and financed by a bond issue." I am wondering how long that Mayor would be an active, hearty churchman in support of such an enterprise should a majority of the people demand a religious service not at all in keeping with his "natural taste and temperament." In all probability the municipal church would flourish for a brief time and then take on the aspect of Baalbec—the Twelfth Chapter of First Corinthians smiling tenderly beside the ruins and murmuring "I told you so." It is not narrowness, it is "the nature of things" that birds of a feather should flock together.

But birds of any evangelical feather should be deep-hearted enough to recognize the common truth-note that rings in the expression of those of any other evangelical feather. In the "Introduction" to his recently published book, "The Enlarging Conception of God," Herbert Alden Youtz has given us all something to be thinking about along this line, from which I gather this sheaf of excerpts:

"Facing the choice of God as a transcendental, unthinkable abstraction on the one hand, and the petty orthodox God of a sect on the other, the temptation has been to give up the task of achieving a rational religion." . . . . "The religious satisfaction of an intelligent man demands such thoughts about God and spiritual reality as will harmonize with his rational and ethical outlook on life." . . . "Nevertheless there is a lingering superstition that strenuous thinking is a menace to the profoundest experience of religion. The highest fruits of religious living are supposed to be unattainable by the type of mind which is eager to grasp the scientific and scholarly account of the religious life." . . . . "The truth that religion has redemptive power for the humblest and most illiterate is sometimes distorted to allege that an illiterate religion is a mark of exceptional piety and spiritual power." . . . "Many a student shudders at the spiritual risk involved in the intellectual approach to the Bible, to theology and to the deep things of the soul." . . . . "Too often has it been observed that liberal thought and devout religion have been arrayed in opposing camps. The liberals have commonly shown too little religious passion, and the religious have shown too little liberalism of thought. Such a divorce is a scandal. It is not good for the one, nor for the other, to be alone. **Liberalism in itself is no gospel!** It is only a husk; and the gospel is a kernel or content. On the other hand, illiterate evangelism easily degenerates into an immoral superstition. The best thought and culture in the service of the heart-values, the character forces and spiritual revelations of life—this is the ideal of these essays. The writer is not straining after a 'new theology,' but is striving after religious reality. He counts himself a passionate believer in the verities of evangelical religion, working with the conviction that theological explanation should be emancipated from paralyzing, out-worn traditions, and move confidently in terms of the noblest thinking and the deepest insights of contemporary life."

All of which suggests that the before-mentioned Twelfth Chapter of First Corinthians has some things to say to men of all camps as they look upon the drill-work of those in other ranks than their own.

Pomona, California.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Some Graphic Pen Pictures by an Around-the-World Tourist.

In a recent letter I gave a rather hasty summary of my journey from Mozambique to London. There are a few more items in regard to East and South Africa which may be of some interest.

For instance here is the description of a Sunday, the 23rd of August, which I spent in Mozambique. The evening before marked the end of the Mohammedan feast of Ramazan. That night we saw crowds of the natives on the beach eagerly watching at sunset for the first star. The first one to see it jumped up and shouted boisterously to his mates. With the appearance of that star the feast, or more properly the fast, was ended. Several weeks before this, up on the coast of Arabia, at Barum, we had heard of this feast. During it the faithful are not permitted to eat between sunrise and sunset, and consequently they do no work. When we dropped anchor in the harbor of Barum we were impressed with the fact that the village seemed deserted. One of the passengers with us on the Zelten, an Arab graduate of the American College at Beirut, had explained the custom to us. The feast lasts a lunar month and we were fortunate in being at Mozambique to witness the festival which celebrates its conclusion.

Sunday afternoon four of us from the steamer went ashore. In our party were Dr. Werner Hagemann, the town planning expert; our Arab friend who was returning from a visit to India where he had been the guest of Tagore, and an Indian friend of his, a resident of Mozambique and our guide for the day. First we called at the office of the British Vice-Consul to see the latest Reuter telegrams about the war. (The British Vice-Consul is also the superintendent of the Eastern Telegraph Company and in his dual capacity really has more influence and authority in the town than the governor. During our stay in Portuguese territory I could see that English influence and control is so widely extended that for all practical purposes the colonies of Portugal belong to England now. One rather expects to see Portugal come into the war before it is over. I am sure she will not willingly let escape all those German steamers which have taken refuge in her neutral harbors and are now without coal.)

After gleaning what little war news the Consul was disposed to give out, we were conducted on a round of social calls to the homes of some of the prominent Indian merchants. The Indian is far more skillful than the African in trading, as a result of which the Indian shopkeeper is nearly always found in or near the native settlements. Our attention was frequently called to the size of the cistern belonging to some house. In Mozambique there are no wells, except some holes in the native quarters where the tide rises and falls as in the bay. All the

drinking water is captured during the rains. Therefore the size of a man's cistern is the index to his financial standing in the community. I wish I had the space and skill to relate the romance of one of these Indian merchants, how he came to Mozambique a penniless wanderer, married his employer's daughter and thus rose to eminence in all Portuguese East Africa.

We called on the Mohammedan patriarch of the town, whom we found sitting on a bench by his door reading the Koran. He read with difficulty by the aid of spectacles, very thick and about the size of a thumb nail. They looked very funny on his large face. Some years ago his sight began to fail. It became so poor that he could not see to read. He could not go to Zanzibar to consult a doctor in the hospjital there, for during his absence there would be no one to conduct the service in the mosque, to marry people or care for the funerals. His presence in Mozambique is indispensible. The natives therefore raised a fund by popular subscription, sent to Zanzibar and brought the doctor here. This is the pair of glasses the physician left him. He received us with true oriental hospitality, asking many questions, some of which betrayed how far is Mozambique and the Mohammedan mosque from western civilization.

The streets of this old city, old before the Mayflower was built, were thronged with gaily dressed people. The women betrayed their kinship to our American negro by their fondness for bright colors and heavy gold and silver ornaments. Their faces were powdered almost white, also betraying a kinship which I am more reluctant to trace. Some of the young men had secured the regular European coat and trousers, but more of them wore plain white tunics, an ancient style from which the western night-dress seems to have been copied. Below the tunic protruded very adequate feet. The Indians, rightly dressed with their bright turbans and heavily embroidered vests, strolled about, keeping themselves separate from the crowd and playing the part of somewhat scornful spectators. The throngs were converging toward an open square in the native quarters where a pole had been erected from which streamers were stretched as from a Maypole, and on which was hung a flag with the word 'Welcome.'

As we arrived the orchestra was tuning up. The two oil cans seemed to be all right but the drums had to be stretched a little tighter, so they lighted a blaze of dry grass under each one, thus drawing the hide tight across the other end. There were no other instruments. As the music began the young men and young women took stations opposite each other and formed a circle. The dance which followed reminded one a little of some of the figures of the lancers but quite graceless and lacking in any sense of rhythm. One by one they advanced to the center, their bare feet scuffling up the dust, each one bowed, turned about and shuffled back to his place. It was almost savage in its stupidity and lack of form, although far more decent than some of the dancing I have seen on the steamers. While the dance continued the participants and the crowd about them set up an intoning in a high thin voice, gently swaying back and forth as I have often seen the American negro do in his revival meetings. I am told that the dancing continued at intervals throughout the night and for the two following days.

These natives are now free, slavery having been abolished less than a generation ago. Formerly Mozambique, almost as much as Zanzibar, was the home of the Arab slave trader. The Catholic Church sems to be doing practically nothing for the African. The people I saw appeared quite the lowest and most degraded type of people I have seen. They are lazy, possessing no native industries of any excellence, and they are unspeakably filthy in their habits.

After twenty-one days at sea I had been very happy to see the low lying sands of Mozambique over the bow of the Zieten that morning we crept in there, the British flag flying at our stern until we were inside the three mile limit when it was replaced by the German ensign. Ten days later I was even happier to see the last lights of Mozambique disappear over the stern of the old Palamcotta, whose captain, with true British condescension, had agreed to take off a few of us. We were again headed toward home, sailing south however and ten thousand miles from London via the Cape. No matter if the rats did play around the ventilators on deck after dark, no matter if the Mozambique channel is the wickedest spot in the world for poor sailors, at last we were among people who speak our own language and with whom we discovered ourselves to have far more in common than with those interned Teutons who must remain in that forlorn port until the war is over. I fear there will be great suffering on the Zeiten. They have no money to buy food, no coal with which to condense sea water for drinking purposes, and the Portuguese officials are not making things any easier for them.

The following Sunday I spent at Beira. Putting on my thinnest clothes and a sun helmet and tearing from the American Board Report a leaf on which it was stated that there is a mission station at Beira I went ashore determined to attend church,a luxury in which I had not been able to indulge since leaving Hong Kong the first week in July. After wandering about, ankle deep in sand, for an hour or more and finding no sign of a church or mission I was driven for shelter to the hotel where many of the passengers had already taken refuge. At last! a newspaper. A glance showed it to be of London origin and dated the 20th of July. It certainly was amusing to read this paper and find in it not a suggestion or what was to follow in another two weeks' time.

Later I learned that several years ago there was an American Board station opened at Beira. Dr. Sidney Strong raised the money for it and it was intended to be a memorial to Mrs. Strong who passed away soon after the deputation visit there. The work met with insuperable obstacles, not the least of which was the opposition of the Portuguese government and after two or three years struggle was given up. Some missionaries are now under appointment to reopen the work, but they had not yet arrived when I was there. Beira is a lonely God-forsaken place. It will try the mettle of any one who seeks to promote the Kingdom of God there. However it must be a very strategic point. Back of it lies a rich and populous country, and a rail road runs from there up into Rhodesia. Beira has a future.

I wish there were space to sketch the range and work of the South African missions. I must confine myself to the small fragments of it which I saw. South Africa is a land of vast distances and greatly diversified problems. The story of the Natal Mission, according to its own printed report, is the record of a sad series of retrenchments. Although among the earliest of mission stations, its pioners following close on the heels of Moffat, in later years neither the men nor the money have been forthcoming to extend and fortify the work as should have been. The missionaries tell me that now it is difficult to find volun-

teers who are willing to cast in their lot with Africa, in view of the apparently greater opening in the Orient. Missionary work in South Africa does not meet with the good will and support of the government as in India or the Far East. The future of the Zulu is very narrowly circumscribed by the laws of the land. The English claim that one great cause of the Boer war was the Boer farmer's cruel treatment of the native. The English immigrant who is present in such large numbers today may not be cruel to the native, but he frankly tells you that South Africa must be a "white man's country." Certainly the educated and Christianized native is not going to have opportunities to exercise his gifts on a national scale as in Japan and China.

I spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman in Johannesburg. Perhaps one ought to add a word of explanation as to why American gold is being sent to Johannesburg where they dig quite as good gold out of the near--by reef, to carry on missionary work among the very boys who dig that gold for the English companies. If you have a sufficient sense of humor you will be able to understand it. In the first place not much American gold is being sent. Mr. Bridgman is allowed something less than $500 a year to carry on a work in a city where prices are quite as high up as in an American mining town. In the second place, I would prefer to think of him, not so much as a missionary to the Zulus as to their masters. There are thousands and tens of thousands of native boys who work in the mines and live in the adjoining compounds and "locations," but the white people, not even those of the churches, have seen their way to doing anything for their welfare, either physical or spiritual. Their policy is to confine the boys closely, keep them out of sight, and apparently to forget them as much as possible. The Bridgman's work will have its richest harvest when it has led the people of that rich city to go and do likewise.

With Mr. Bridgman as a guide I visited some of the native quarters in and near Johannesburg. One sees very few natives on the streets of the city. There is an excellent reason for this. The boys who work in the mines are confined to their quarters behind corrugated iron fences topped with barbed wire and the natives who work in the city are assigned to certain designated quarters. Even they are not allowed out on the street after an early hour in the evening. This regulation makes it rather awkward for the native churches to hold evening services or social affairs. The people have to come prepared to spend the night in church! Johannesburg, although appearing from the outside very much like a live young American city, has many slums. These districts are about the worst I had ever seen anywhere, far worse than the old negro quarter in the city of Washington, although they were bad enough. Mrs. Bridgman has begun settlement work in one of those courts. She is pioneering in a field of work quite novel in South Africa.

The compounds at the mines are well worth a visit. We were not allowed to enter one alone, possibly for fear that we might see some things that ought not to be talked about. The boys live, each tribe by itself, in bunk houses built along narrow streets. A guard stands at the gate of the compound to see that none pass in or out without permission. There are two or three tiers of bunks around the walls of each house, no windows, a hole in the roof through which passes out part of the smoke from the brazier which supplies the heat. The ventillation is not quite so good as in some of our more modern American churches.

The boys, natives are always called boys in South Africa, come in from their kraals and work for a few months at a time, saving their money to take home and purchase a wife. Sometimes they return several times, at intervals, and thus by industry and economy, lay the foundation for a successful and lazy life. No Zulu with three wives and a few cattle need fear a nervous breakdown from overwork. Forever afterwards he rests in peace.

There is almost no Christian work being done among these fellows. They are brought there, herded together under most unhygienic and immoral conditions, and then shipped back to their kraals only the worse for their brief contact with civilization. Sad to relate, it is an American mine manager who absolutely refuses to permit a missionary to enter the compound of his mine.

Perhaps a few words in regard to the general conditions among the white churches in South Africa may be of interest. I would not care to answer for the absolute truth of these observations for I was almost entirely dependent upon the answers I received to the questions I was led to ask. My impressions are as follows. The relation between the white and the black people seems to me to be somewhat similar to that in our Southern states. There is a great deal of racial feeling against the blacks and the same reasons for it are advanced in Cape Town as in Mobile. The black churches are either independent institutions or heritages from the early missionary work. They have not always taken kindly to supervision from their white brethren. I was told that they are very fond of disputes and litigation, and are none too careful as to the character of their ministers. On the other hand the white churches of South Africa seem to be engaged in a severe struggle for existence. They are not rich, few of them even moderately well to do. We know in California how little prepared are young churches to undertake the care of alien races. It is the same in South Africa. In this way we may be able to explain to some extent the neglect of the native.

As regards strength, the Dutch Reformed Church, which was the established church under the old Boer government, still retains its prestige. The English government granted religious freedom after the war. The Episcopal Church is of course more or less under the patronage of the government, represents considerable wealth and social standing, but can hardly be called prosperous. It is reported that when they met to elect the present bishop of the diocese it was announced that the first qualification for candidates was that they must possess a sufficient private income to maintain the dignity of the station in a suitable fashion. The Wesleyan Church is strong numerically, the Baptist very weak and the Presbyterian and Congregational churches seem nearly to divide the honors, the former having perhaps a slight advantage. There are several moderately strong Congregational churches in South Africa but there is none of our faith of commanding position in Cape Town. The old church where Moffat and the early missionaries found such a hearty welcome has been given up owing to the changing population of the city and the property has been sold.

I was very fortunate in being able to meet the missionary son of Dr. Moffatt. He is now an old man and looks as if he might be able to sit for his father's picture. The

last photograph of his father which is published in the "Lives of John and Mary Moffatt" by this same son, contains a picture of the father which I could mistake for that of the son. This biography, by the way, is as thrilling an introduction to the history of South Africa as I have chanced to see. In this white haired old patriarch one feels himself for the moment connected with the heroes of old. I was amused at one remark of his. We were discussing autographs of famous people and he remarked that he could not see why people attached so much value to the autograph of Livingstone. Since reading the life and letters of his father I have often wondered whether Moffatt ever quite approved of his son-in-law's departure from the field of purely missionary work.

The streets of Cape Town often rang with the music of "the Pipes" and the tramp of soldiery while I was there. Parliament, not without some opposition, had just sanctioned the plan to invade German Southwest Africa. Even then I could see plenty of the opposition which has since developed into rebellion. The suggestion had come from England. Perhaps it was the most unwise suggestion which has been made during the present war. One could hardly expect the Boers to agree with a policy so foreign to their immediate interests. Now fully a generation will have to pass before good will is restored in South Africa.

TYLER DENNETT,

Oxford, England, November 24.

DISPOSITION OF FUNDS OF GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD.

The General Education Board, founded by John D. Rockefeller, to promote education within the United States, "without distinction of race, sex or creed," and now equipped with funds for that purpose amounting to nearly $34,000,000, will, on January 1st, issue the first comprehensive report covering its twelve years' activity.

The first installment of that report, now made public, sets forth the manner in which the funds of the Board have been used.

The administration of these funds is in the hands of a Board consisting of Frederick T. Gates, chairman; Walter H. Page, American Ambassador in London; J. D. Rockefeller Jr., Albert Shaw, Editor Review of Reviews; Wallace Buttrick, Starr J. Murphy, Edwin A. Alderman, President University of Virginia; Hollis H. Frissell, Harry Pratt Judson, President University of Chicago; Charles W. Eliot, Emeritus President Harvard University; Andrew Carnegie, Edgar L. Marston, Wickliffe Rose, Jerome D. Greene, Anson Phelps Stokes Abraham Flexner and George E. Vincent, President University of Minnesota.

Up to June 30, 1914, the Board had appropriated directly $15,894,355.89. Out of funds held by the Board "to be applied to such specific objects within corporate purpose of the Board" as Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., might direct, the following gifts have been made:

(a) To the University of Chicago	$13,554,343.99
(b) To the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research	10,267,022.10
(c) To the General Education Board	1,239,830.38
	$25,061,196.47

Thus the total benefactions already distributed to outside institutions through the medium of the General Board have amounted to $39,715,720.

According to the report, the first permanent endowment, received June 30, 1905, and amounting to $10,000,000, was expressly designed to furnish an income "to be distributed to, or used for the benefit of, such institutions of learning, at such times, in such amounts, for such purposes, and under such conditions, or employed in such other ways as the Board may deem best adapted to promote a comprehensive system of higher education in the United States." The limitations on the use of this gift were subsequently removed.

In February, 1907, a further gift of $32,000,000 was made, "one-third to be added to the permanent endowment of the Board; two-thirds to be applied to such specific objects within the corporate purpose of the Board" as Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., might direct, "the remainder not so designated, at the death of the survivor to be added to the permanent endowment of the Board.",This addition to endowment was accompanied by no restriction whatsoever as to the specific educational objects to which its income was to be devoted.

On July 7, 1909, Mr. Rockefeller increased his benefactions by the gift of an additional $10,000,000, at the same time authorizing and empowering the Board, in its direction, to distribute its entire principal or any part thereof, and releasing the Board from the obligation to hold his gifts in perpetuity. Besides the sums above specified as contributed by Mr. Rockefeller, the Board received, April 17, 1905, the sum of $200,000 from Miss Anna T. Jeanes for the "assistance of the Negro Rural Schools in the South."

At the present time the Board's resources are valued at $33,939,156.80, of which $30,918,063.80 is general endowment and $3,021,093.09 reserve fund. The gross income from these funds for the year 1913-14 was $2,417,079.62. In addition the Anna T. Jeanes Fund of $200,000 yielded a gross income of $9231.64.

The Board's appropriations up to June 30, 1914, have been as follows:

Colleges and Universities	$10,582,582.80
Medical Schools	2,670,874.11
Negro Colleges and Schools	699,781.13
Miscellaneous Schools	159,991.02
Professors of Secondary Education	242,861.09
Southern Education Board	97,126.23
Rural School Agents (both races)	104,443.18
Farm Demonstration Work—South (Including Boys' and Girls' Clubs)	925,750.00
Farm Demonstration Work—Maine and New Hampshire (including Boys' and Girls' Clubs)	50,876.45
Rural Organization Work	37,166.66
Educational Conferences	304,794.99
Administrative Expenses	304,794.99
Total	$15,894,355.89

EVERY LAND.

Every Land, a new and delightful Missionary Magazine for children between the ages of eight and fifteen, has been launched under the auspices of the prominent Missionary Boards of the United States and Canada. It aims at character building through the stimulation of sympathy, love for service, and sacrifice.

Every Land contains true stories about boys and girls in all lands.

It is most beautifully illustrated, and cultivates a taste for good literature.

It is issued quarterly, but the price, 50 cents a year, is very little for such a publication. It is hoped that mothers

who are interested in missions will place this delightful little magazine in the hands of their children.

Direct all correspondence to Every Land, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Among the Churches.

Oakland, First.—At the recent communion service eleven persons were welcomed into fellowship—three on confession, two on reaffirmation, and six by letter.

Sebastopol.—The Sebastopol Church was very seriously damaged by a mysterious fire in and under the choir rostrum early Friday morning. The entire interior, with all furniture and fixtures, a total loss. Damage to the building proper is large, as one corner is burned away, all windows broken and facings and finishings scorched and charred. It is hoped the insurance will cover the loss. It will be remembered that the M. E. Church of this town was burned a couple of weeks before election.

Oakland Fourth.—A very enjoyable event in the Fourth Church was the welcoming reception to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell by the congregation and community on Tuesday evening of last week. The church throughout has been profusely and beautifully decorated with Christmas greens, ferns and feathery foliage, while potted palms and hanging baskets completed the attractive arrangement. Through the efforts of the various committees having the reception in charge, one felt that nothing had been overlooked to make the gathering a pleasant one. A note of joy rang out from every heart present. The Christmas spirit of love and good will prevailed and while joy seemed to be the keynote of each address much of humor was discerned in the words of welcome given by the speakers. Gracious hostesses received the assembling friends who in turn spoke words of cordial greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Mr. E. T. Leiter introduced the speakers and announced the program, which was in part: A welcome from our own church, the Rev. Fred H. Maar, Pastor Emeritus. A welcome from the mother church, Dr. Francis J. Van Horn, First Congregational. A welcome from a sister church, Rev. Albert W. Palmer, Plymouth Congregational. Greeting from the Seminary, Dr. J. W. Buckham. Words of cheer from the men of Plymouth to the men of Fourth.

Mr. Campbell responded to the fellowship, in appropriate words, reading also a personal letter just received from Rev. Charles R. Brown, congratulating Church and pastor.

INSTALLATION AT RICHMOND CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The installation of the Rev. F. L. Cooper as pastor of the Richmond Church, San Francisco, on the 17th inst. was both an interesting and inspiring affair. Mr. Cooper's address in the afternoon thoroughly satisfied the Council; he emphasized the spiritual note, believed in preaching the positive truths of Christianity and doing good, honest work.

The council spent a delightful social hour around the supper tables and received very substantial proof that the Ladies' Aid Society of the Richmond Church is a live wire.

In the evening a fine service was held in the auditorium, where Rev. C. F. Aked, D. D. preached on "An Ambassador in Handcuffs." Dr. Aked was at his best and his sermon will be an inspiration for ever to all who heard it. He spoke of the ways a minister is bound and hampered and yet—how gloriously worthwhile is our great calling.

Rev. S. C. Patterson gave the charge to the church, and if the Church members who listened are not made of wood. Mr. Patterson's "charge" will mean a strengthening of many churches. Mr. Patterson pleaded for fair dealing and honest treatment from the pews to the minister.

Taken all through this council was a very helpful gathering.

WELCOMING THE CHINESE OF BERKELEY.

The fellowship of Congregational Churches was enlarged and enriched on Dec. 15th. by the advent of the Berkeley Chinese Church. For some years the nucleus of this body has been known as the Chinese Branch of the North Congregational Church, but the growth in numbers and the unique needs of these Christians has now made a separate organization seem wise. Seventeen members were enrolled by the organizing Council, 12 from the North Church, 3 on confession of faith, and 2 from the Chinese Church of San Francisco.

After the business of organization was finished, Dr. Nash, who had been elected moderator, asked to be allowed to resign in favor of the veteran friend of the Chinese, Dr. Pond. If human friends count for the prosperity of a Church, this infant entered under good auspices. Not only did Dr. Pond preside as moderator, and Mrs. Agard, who has mothered most of the Christianity represented in it, serve with her wise and mediating council, but the recognition itself was given by men who represent the best in our Congregationalism. Those present felt at the conclusion of the service, that something almost tangible of living strength had been wrought into the Chinese fellowship. May it be to them a portent of constant helpfulness from the American churches, making a return for the variety of viewpoint and sense of universal brotherhood with which they enrich us. The parts in the program were as follows:

Sermon, Dr. Nash; Prayer of Consecration, Dr. Pond; Welcome from the Churches, Dr. Van Horn; Right Hand of Fellowship, Dr. Brooks; Communion Service, led by Rev. S. C. Patterson and Rev. O. W. Lucas; Benediction, Rev. George W. Hinman.

The new church is made up largely of University students and will stand, let us hope, through all the years as a strong representative of our American Christianity for the spiritual enlightenment of their Chinese brothers who come here to study. The field is limited at its Berkeley end, for there are but few Chinese in the college town, but its field of influence is the world.

G. D. YOAKUM.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland now has a vested choir.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be given by the Rev. E. C. Oakley of Mill Valley.

It was announced at the annual meeting of Plymouth Church, Seattle, last week that $23,000 had been pledged toward the budget of $28,000 for the year 1915.

The Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland uses in sending out announcements an envelope in the corner of

which are these words: "From the Church in Your Neighborhood—36th and Grove streets, Oakland."

The First Congregational Church of Oakland will consider at its annual meeting some proposed amendments to its by-laws. They provide for rotation in the office of trustees, for honorary trustees, and for the office of deacon emeritus.

The Park Congregational Church of Berkeley has sent out an attractive "Christmas Greeting" having the caption "God With Us." "This is the King of all Christmas truths —God is with us." "Jesus in the manger was the sign of this fact, as for nineteen centuries he has been its Prophet. God lives with us, loves us, is level with every day's most quiet need. This is the white summit of our blessedness; the Mt. Shasta among the little hills of our daily joys."

For The Children.

TWO LITTLE SEEDS.

Once, a long time ago, two little dandelion seeds sat side by side on the snowy white top of a tall, green stalk, with more than twenty of their sister seeds, all swinging merrily in the soft breeze. They were very happy, though they were soon to fly away to find new homes of their very own, there to blossom at last into beautiful yellow flowers, after the warm sunshine and gentle spring showers had helped them grow, from tiny seeds, first into slender green stalks holding tightly closed little balls, that opened just a tiny bit, each day. And if any little boy, or girl, had been near to watch them, they might have seen some pale leaves folded closely together; after a few visits from the bright sunlight that kissed them tenderly each morning, the white leaves changed to pale yellow rays that grew deeper, and more golden, until they became the brightest, cheeriest little flowers, looking like little gold buttons scattered over the grassy fields. Most of the little seeds were glad that they should some day be so beautiful; though they knew they must first take a long sleep in the dark earth. But spring time would surely come, so they could wait patiently.

"I hope I may come up next year, in this very field, under this dear, old tree; I like to watch the leaves move, and hear the birds sing, it makes me glad to be alive; it is such a beautiful world!" said one little seed. "I don't care where I live,'" said the other little seed. "I don't think it's a very nice world for us; if we could grow into big, red roses, like those in the garden, or tall white lilies, then I should like to be a flower, but it's nothing to be a dandelion, nobody cares for them."

"Some people do," said the sister seed, softly. "I saw a little girl who carried home a great bunch of dandelions; she thought they were pretty. God made us grow, He wanted us to be dandelions, so I'm going to be happy, and do my best, perhaps some one may be glad to see me, when I am a flower."

Just then the breeze came, and carried the little seeds way, so the tall stalk was left quite alone.

"Oh, where am I going?" cried the naughty little seed, as it flew swiftly over the big field, through the cool, dark woods, and across a little stream, until, after what seemed a very long time, it fell to earth again, and lay among a strip of straggling grasses, close to a dusty road. It was not a pretty home, and the little seed missed the mother-stalk, and often wished for its happy little sister. The sister seed did not take so long a journey, for the kind wind left her just where she wished to be, in the big field, where she had always lived.

When summer was gone, the roses, and lilies, as well as the wild-flowers, went to sleep; and the trees let their brown leaves fal on the ground, to make a warm bed for the flowers; and the snow came to give them a drink, sometimes, while they took their long nap and all the while the little seeds were growing.

When spring time came, the good little dandelion sprang up first of all the flowers in the wide field. Its tiny stalk held the little yellow flower proudly. And the happy children said: "Here is a dear little dandelion, the first of the season, now Spring has come, for good!"

"Let me pick it," said a ittle boy.

"Oh, no; leave it here for some one else to see," said the little girl, "it is such a pretty one."

So the little flower lived its short life. It had done its best.

The other little seed came up too, among the grasses, where it shone like a little yellow sun with many rays. When it had bloomed for one whole day, a man picked it. How strangely the little flower felt. "But I shall see something of the world," it said; and was just a little bit happier. It was very dark in the basket where the man had dropped it, and the dandelion traveled more slowly than when guided by the south wind, till after a long time the basket was opened, and the little flower was placed on a table in a low room in the crowded city.

"I picked this for Dorothy," said the man, "it's only a dandelion, but I thought she'd like it."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Dorothy's mother, "and it has a root, too; I guess it will grow." She filled a little cup with earth, and placed the dandelion in it (it was a pretty cup, with a brown lamb painted on one side, and daisies on the other). A cool drink made the flower quite bright again. Then it was taken upstairs to Dorothy.

Dorothy was as pale as the snow-drops and little white flowers that grew in the field where the dandelion lived when it was a tiny seed. She stretched out her little hands, and took the flower. "Oh, it is so pretty," she said joyfully, "is it real? and will it keep on growing, growing, all the time? I am so glad to have you, dear little flower!"

All the naughty thoughts left the little flower's heart when it heard this; it knew, now, that it was realy of use in this big world, so it was bright and happy all the rest of its little life.

Mary H. Price.

THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Mother, may I buy a Christmas tree with the money that Aunt Mary gave me?" asked John, one morning.

"'Why, what do you want a Christmas tree for, John? You know that Santa Claus always brings you one."

"It isn't for me," answered John. "I want it for the animals in the barn."

"But, John," replied mother, "a Christmas tree wouldn't mean anything to the animals."

"Oh, yes it would, mother, because I am going to put presents on it," answered John.

"All right," said mother, smiling. "You may get it."

John bought the tree; and that evening asked father to fasten it into a block of wood, so that it would stand firmly in the middle of the barn floor.

The next day he asked mother if she would save all the bones, parings, and other leavings from the table for him.

He also asked her to give him some milk, cube sugar, apples, and nuts.

"What do you intend to do with these?" asked mother.

"Wait until tomorrow, and you shall see," answered John.

Christmas morning came, and John hurried out to the barn to trim his tree for the animals.

Under the tree he placed a large bowl full of milk for Kitty, and next to it a box full of parings for Piggywee. On one branch he tied a bunch of hay and some cubes of sugar for the horse, Old Rob. On another he fastened several apples for Boss, and some bones for Rover. On the top of the tree he set a basketful of nuts for his pet squirrel, Bushy-tail.

When all was finished, John ran and called mother and father, and they laughed aloud when they saw what he had done. It was the funniest Christmas tree they had ever seen.

Then they helped John bring in the animals, and before long Kitty, Piggywee, Old Bob, Boss, Rover, and Bushy-tail were enjoying their Christmas presents. It was a happy sight to see all the animals eating and drinking on or under the one tree.

Father, mother and John were so pleased that they decided to have a Christmas tree for the animals every year.
—Leila Enders, in Our Dumb Animals.

PUT LOVE IN THY GIFT.

I have read—but I know not where,
How a noble of proud estate
Made a gift that was lordly and fair
To a pensioner at his gate.

But that night was the gift returned
(By whom there was none that knew)—
'Twas as if the poor man spurned
All that his lord would do!

('Twas a spirit between them went!
But neither could understand!)
And the noble his gift re-sent
To the pensioner of his hand.

Next night it returned with the word,
"Lack-Love," in letters of flame;
And, "Put Love In Thy Gift," on the third;
But nevermore back it came.

For the lord of the manor, forsooth,
The one thing needful supplied. . .
"Put Love In Thy Gift,"—'tis a truth
For us all at the Christmastide.

—Edith M. Thomas.

NEW BOOK

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Looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of Christ outstreams
From the red disk of Mars,
His fame who led the stormy van
Of battle may well cease,
But never that which crowns the man
Whose victory was Peace.

—John G. Whittier.

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A STRANGE PET.

In a country town in northern Pennsylvania there lives a little old man who sells milk, carrying it from house to house morning and evening in a small hand-cart. There is nothing strange about that, but his companion on these daily trips is the very strangest you ever heard of—an old gray goose, who follows him about in the most dignified manner, and stands watch over the cart, letting no one go near it in his master's absence. His name is Major, and his master says that he is just as useful as a dog would be.

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